

Home Magazine

FROM THE SEA.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

TREASURE TROVE.

FRONTING the open sea, between St. Valery and Pecamp, is a long stretch of desolate white sand. At low tide it is dotted and wrinkled by black, oozy rocks and long sinuous lines of seaweed. Here and there are bits of spars and wreckage that have been cast up by the reluctant sea. And among the seaweed, and in the little pools of water that are lingering about the bases of the rocks, are small crabs and shell-fish, and queer little jelly-like things which scarcely seem to have any substance at all. Overhead seamew and ospreys wheel and circle about, and make sudden descents among the seaweed after dainty morsels which their keen eyes have espied.

But when the tide comes sweeping in over the black, irregular outer-reefs and over the flat rocks from which the fishermen cast their bass-lines, and up, up, almost to the very base of the sand lines themselves, the beach narrows down to a long yellow ribbon, which swirls and shifts its fine sand under the fierce lashing of the north winds.

One morning, as the ebb tide was slipping and gurgling from rock to rock, a woman emerged from the dunes and went slowly along the beach, stooping here and there to pick up bits of wreckage which had been washed up by the waves. When she had gathered all she could carry she took some rope from her pocket and made the pieces into a strong bundle. With this slung across her shoulders she moved back toward the dunes.

Suddenly she paused and gazed earnestly at the water. It was only a plank she saw, rising and falling with the waves, but it was fast, and dropping her bundle she waded out until she could reach and draw it ashore. Only then did she discover that there was a small metal box, twelve to fourteen inches in length, secretly lashed to the plank.

The strong ocean currents which set toward the

north shore of France bring in many strange bits of wreckage, and the woman had had her share in finding them. But none the less eagerly did her fingers work at the fastenings which secured the box. So much precaution was not without its meaning. The box was valuable, and if no owner was found—well, perhaps it would help her toward the three hundred francs she had been looking for so many months.

But when the box was released she found that it was securely locked, and that all her efforts to open it were unavailing. In the cover were strange little marks. She peered at them eagerly and shook her head. Well, she would take it home to little Jean. He could read and would explain the little marks to her.

Over behind the dunes and hidden from the sea by the mimic mountains of sand were several storm-battered houses. They were built of rough slabs and wreckage, and had neither doors nor windows on the exposed sides. Behind them were drying benches and other apparatus for curing fish.

The woman passed around one of the houses and threw her bundle down near the door. A man was seated on the ground, mending a net. He looked up as she approached.

"Blen!" he growled, "you have come at last! I must have my breakfast so that I may catch the low tide. Mals, Elise, what have you there?"

"I took the box and examined it carefully. Then he tried to open it, but without success. When he picked up a hammer she snatched the box from his grasp.

"Non, non, Jacques!" she protested. "You shall not break it! The box is not ours yet. We may find the owner."

He laughed, jeeringly.

"We will not look very hard," he sneered. "But truly, Elise, you must not think of giving it up. The sea gives to those who find. You should remember your husband and children, ma chere. The box may



"THE BOX IS NOT OURS YET. WE MAY FIND THE OWNER."

contain jewels or money. Blen! who knows but it would buy me a new boat and a keg of wine."

"I shall let M. le Cure have it to-morrow when I go to town," she said, firmly. "Perhaps he will find the owner. If he does not I suppose the box will be mine. But it will not go for a boat and a keg of wine. I can tell you that, mon ami. I have other use for it."

"Bah! the miserable three hundred francs you are forever dining into one's ears!" he grumbled, sullenly, as he picked up the seine and resumed work. "How much have you got of it, Elise, and what is it for?"

"I have twenty francs," she answered, placidly. "But never you mind what it is for, Jacques. Better

mend your seine so that it will be ready for the low tide."

He muttered something under his breath, which she passed unnoticed. In the wick shop of M. Decoux, and among the fishermen on the beach he was a great man, but at home it was Elise who arranged things. After a time the children began to struggle in from the parish school at St. Valery, two miles away. First, there was Guillaume, of the strong limbs, who loved the sea and hated books. Then there were Francois and Henri, who could race along the beach like the wind; and Sophie and Helene, whose hair was the color of the waves when the storm clouds are shadowed in them, and whose faces were tanned and roughened by the wind and sea, and like Guillaume, all of them abhorred the little schoolroom at St. Valery. And then there was little Jean.

But, curiously enough, Jean was not so small as one would think. Indeed, he was of the same age and almost as large as Guillaume himself. And he loved the sea, and the open air, and the games; but far above all the rest, he loved his books. So the neighbors lowered their voices and spoke of him compassionately as pauvre garçon, and Jacques shook his head and growled, mauvais! And it was not so very long before that even Elise herself had shared their opinion and thought of her precocious boy with misgivings.

But one day M. le Cure had called on her, and he had spoken so warmly of little Jean and the possible honor in store for him that she felt almost oppressed by the sudden rush of affection and pride which had overwhelmed her.

After the good man left she had gone out on the beach and given herself up to meditation until she was aroused by the children coming from school. And after that she had always mentioned Jean first instead of last. But as the days went by an unspoken dread began to trouble her. At the end of the year Jean and Guillaume would be too old to attend the parish school. Then there would be nothing for them but to come home and help their father with the fishing. It was all right and proper for Guillaume. But Jean?

In the evening she called Jean from his books and asked him to explain the marks. The boy gazed at them intently for some time, then spelled out: "Honoré Perreault, Rue St. Martin, Paris."

Jacques raised his head angrily.

"You will be a fool if you give it up," he said,

"VICTIMS OF THE VOLCANO," a Thrilling and Time-ly New Serial, Will Begin in NEXT MONDAY'S EVENING WORLD.

sharply. Elise did not answer, but the next day she wrapped the box carefully in her shawl and carried it to Monsieur le Cure at St. Valery.

And now the days and weeks went smoothly as Jacques recovered his good humor, and smoked and sang and told stories, and now and then wandered down to the beach and caught a few fish, or made himself the centre of a group of admiring friends.

One day as they sat down to dinner the Cure entered.

"Blen! I am just in time!" he cried gayly, as they placed a chair for him at the table. "I have good news for you. The box is in the possession of its owner."

Jacques looked anything but pleased, and even Elise seemed a little embarrassed. But the Cure did not appear to notice.

"I had a letter from the owner this morning," he continued, as he took a roll of bills from his pocket. "He writes that the box is very valuable, and that the finder must accept this as a slight reward," handing the bills to Elise. "I congratulate you, Madame! The good Home. He will have a good day's work." Jacques caught his breath sharply and half rose to his feet; then he sank back and tried to turn off his elation in a laugh. But after the Cure's departure he allowed his enthusiasm to again break forth.

"Four hundred francs!" he cried joyously. "Four—hundred francs! Blen! Blen! It will buy me a new boat, and a seine, and two kegs of wine, and you can get a new dress, Elise, ma chere. Four hundred francs! Vraiment, we are rich!"

"I found the box, Jacques," said Elise, quietly. "Oh, oui! You must have a new dress and—and what else ma chere?"

"Let me see," said Elise counting on her fingers. "I shall use one hundred francs to buy new clothes and shawls for the children, and a dress for myself and some beads for the hen yard."

"Vrai!" impatiently, "but the three hundred francs?"

"They are to buy a scholarship for little Jean at Beauvais. I have spoken to Monsieur le Cure about it. Three hundred francs will pay for his education at the good Home. He will have to leave us, of course, but he will come back a man. Surement, Jacques we have had good luck from the sea. But it is le bon Dieu who knows our needs."

QUESTS FOR BURIED MILLIONS.

The story that appeals most strongly to us to-day is that of the wonderful treasures of Cocos Island, a rocky, desolate spot in the heart of the South Pacific, which is yet involved with all the fascination of the Arabian tales.

For nearly a century this solitary island has been the focus of countless eyes in very part of the world.

The story of the hiding of these treasures reads like a thrilling chapter of romance. In the early years of the last century one of the most successful of the pirates who preyed on Spanish ships was Don Pedro Benita, whose brig, the Reklamago, was the terror of all honest men who "went down to the sea in ships."

One rich prize after another fell into his clutches. Spanish galleons laden with treasures of all kinds, and after filling his ship with them Don Benita would take them to Cocos Island and bury them there while he sought for more.

Among his spoil were 130 tons of silver, nearly 1,000 heavy ingots of gold, vessels full of overflowing gold coins, and hundreds of swords incrustated with jewels. But neither he nor his crew ever survived to enjoy their ill-gotten gains, for they fell out as thieves sometimes do, and slaughtered each other, and those who were left were captured by a British warship and hanged, to a man, from the yardarm.

A few years later, in 1835, when an English ship, the Mary Dier, anchored in Callao harbor at a time when Peru and Chili were at war, the Peruvian Government sent its treasures for security on board the vessel. But it proved a false security, for one night the English ship disappeared.

She, too, made for Cocos Island, and

there her piratical crew buried the millions that had been intrusted to them—eleven boatloads in all, and each load representing the ransom of kings. But their shift was short, for the vessel was driven by a storm on the Peruvian coast, the crew captured and all but three were hanged.

Of the survivors none lived to reclaim any part of their spoil, but one of them, a man called Thompson, before his death revealed the secret to a friend of the name of Keaton, and he, in company with a Capt. Bogue, went to the island and carried away \$20,000 in gold. As they were leaving the island, however, their boat upset, and Capt. Bogue sank under his burden of gold, while Keaton, clinging to the boat, was ultimately saved.

In the South Atlantic there is another treasure island, Trinidad, which is said to hold as many millions even as Cocos, and a sumptuously equipped expedition is now being prepared to discover them.

For those who wish for a new field of treasure hunting there is an unlimited choice: for the beds of the seas are crowded with deposits of gold and jewels. Off the Peruvian coast there lies an old Spanish galleon in whose hold are forty cases of gold, 700 cases of silver each containing \$1,000, and jewels and plate valued at half a million pounds sterling; and near Texel is a foundered East Indian man with three-quarters of a million in gold on board. Off the Spanish coast lies another vessel, laden with millions of cruzados in gold and diamonds, and near the Cape Verde Islands a Spanish register ship founded in 1783 with 4,000,000 piastres, 200,000 ounces of gold and jewels and plate valued at \$10,000,000 on board.

PLACE WAS TOO SLOW.

I was stopping for the night in the cabin of a Kentucky mountaineer, and about midnight I was aroused by a knock on the door. It was a one-room house with three beds in it, and I saw the mountaineer get out of bed and reach for his rifle.

"Did some one knock?" I asked, as he moved toward the door.

"Some one did, stranger," he replied; "but what are you going to do with that gun?"

"Guns to open the door, of course. You are out of range and needn't be afraid."

He moved to one side of the door, made ready with his gun and then raised the wooden latch. The instant the door swung open a charge of buckshot was fired into the room, but they flew across it and buried themselves in the opposite wall.

A second later the mountaineer fired at some one in reply, and I heard the footfalls of a man running away. "Did you get him?" asked the wife in careless tones.

WINNER OF THE \$5 PRIZE.

"Which Would You Save—Mother or Wife?"

The prize of \$5 offered by the Evening World for the best answer to the question as to whether, in extremity, a man should save his wife or his mother, has been awarded to Eugene F. Duffy, of Newark, N. J. Mr. Duffy's letter follows:

Would Save Mother.

He should have saved his mother. Because: Who is his closest, staunchest, truest and best friend? To whom belongs his filial love? To whom does he owe his very existence? The answer is simple—his mother. Furthermore, his wife, if injured, would doubtless be better able to survive her injuries than would his mother, on account of her age. So the fireman solved this question correctly by his action. Without hesitating an instant he chose the better plan and saved his mother first.

EUGENE F. DUFFY, Newark, N. J.

TO KILL THE ANIMALS.

"It's raining cats and dogs," exclaimed Mrs. Hunka, who was looking out of the window.

"Then I hope it'll rain pitchforks next," growled old Hunka, without looking up from his paper.—Chicago Tribune.

DAILY FASHION HINT.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

"Reckon not."

"Shoo! That's poor shootin'. Come along to bed."

Next morning I asked the man who his midnight visitor was and why he had attempted murder.

"Dunno," he replied in answer to both questions.

"But does it happen very often?"

"Not skassly, sah—not skassly. I've bin livin' here in this cabin gwine on three years, and I don't reckon that there has happened over twenty times befo'."

It's such a mighty peaceful nighberhood around yere that I'm thinkin' of movin' into some of the lively counties."

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IF YOU LIKE TO LAUGH, HERE ARE FIVE FUNNY STORIES.

When Rudyard Kipling was last in the United States he dined with a party that included several other well-known writers, a fair proportion of men and women who knew something about literature and a larger number who knew very little and made up for their lack of knowledge with pretense, says a story-teller in the Philadelphia Times.

Several of the last-described kind started a useless discussion concerning spellings, pronunciations, synonyms, antonyms, &c.; and, apropos of nothing at all that had been said, one, firing her remark straight at Kipling as the lion of the occasion, declared:

"I find that 'sugar' and 'sumac' are the only words beginning with 'su' that are pronounced as though beginning with 'sh'."

Bored though he was, Kipling's politeness did not desert him; and, assuming an expression of interest, although his eyes twinkled behind his glasses, he asked:

"Are you sure?"

A New York City Magistrate recently had before him the case of a pair of confidence men accused of robbing a farmer on a visit to the metropolis. The Magistrate asked them as to their side of the story.

"Well, Judge," explained one, "we simply offered to bet him \$500 that we could take a deck of cards, shuffle them so that he could see us, and make two Jacks come out together. He lost. That was all, Judge."

"What is your name?" the Magistrate asked the spokesman.

"Jack O'Brien, Judge."

"And yours?" turning to the other prisoner.

"Jack Devine, Your Honor."

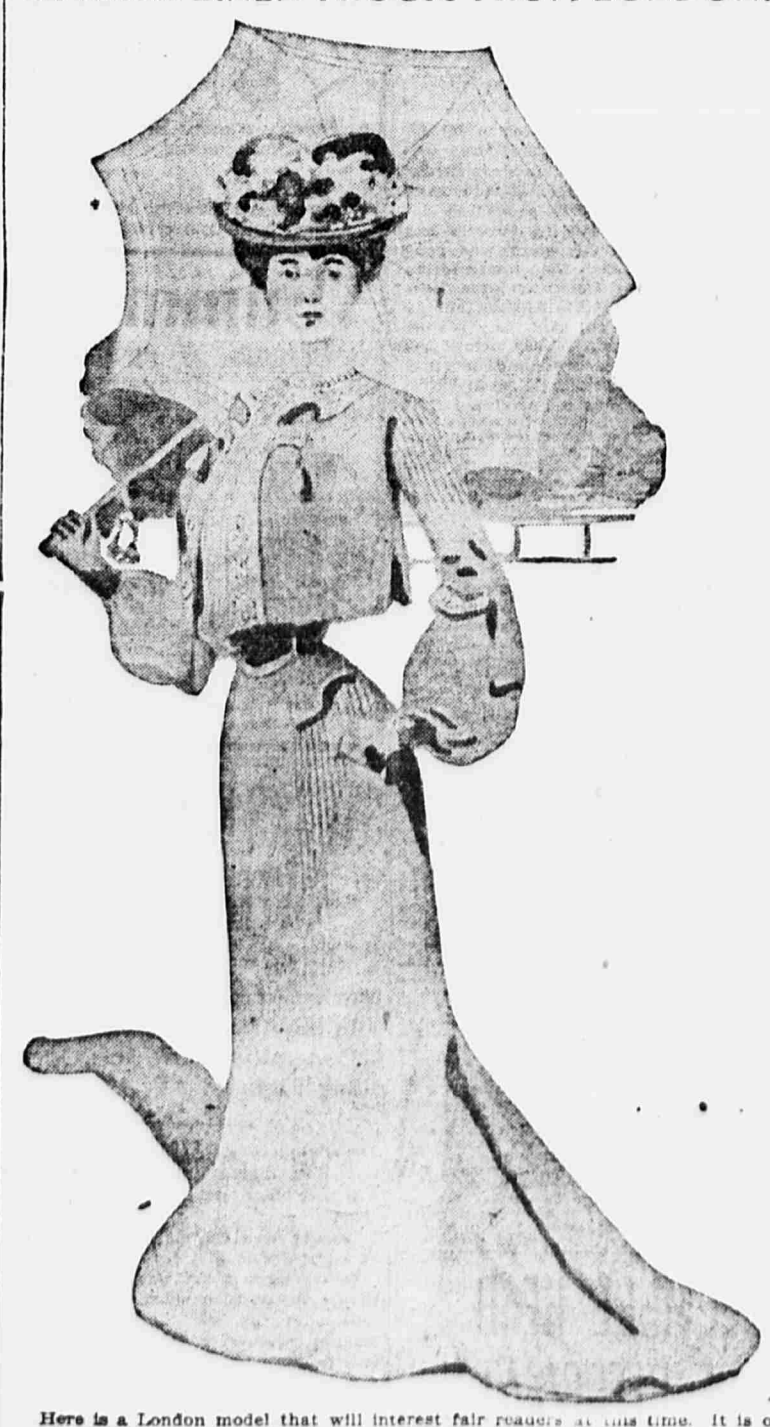
"O'Brien," said the Magistrate, "I give you four years; Devine, I give you three years. And now, gentlemen, I'll just bet \$500 that you two Jacks do not come out together!"

Democrats in spirit rather than in

fact that they were newly-elected Senators and anxious to make an impression on each other and everybody with whom they came in contact. Their ponderous diction at table brewed complicity to lay over for a change of cars at the dinner hour. Their conversation soon revealed to the other guests the

tritable or ill-mannered was the traveling salesman, or "drummer," who encountered a party of half a dozen State Senators and Representatives in an interior town at table. They were on their way to Harrisburg, and were compelled to lay over for a change of cars at the dinner hour. Their conversation soon revealed to the other guests the

STYLISH LINEN FROCK FROM LONDON.



Here is a London model that will interest fair readers at this time. It is of dark-blue linen, with applications of emerald-green embroidered white linen; tassels of green and white, and transparent undersleeves of white lawn.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER REVEALS BEAUTY SECRETS.

Like the Needle in the Haystack.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

Can you tell me of something which will reduce the hips and abdomen? I do not wish to be smaller anywhere else. Is there something to apply? I think I have read somewhere of a French pomade which actresses use to keep themselves in nice proportion. If there is such a thing where can it be found and what is its price?

There are several thousand French pomades and of course I cannot tell to which you intend to refer.

If you can give me a better description of the pomade I shall be glad to look it up for you.

Peroxide to Brighten the Hair.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

Kindly let me know if by using peroxide of hydrogen sparingly or once in a while it can be noticed. My hair was at one time a light brown, almost yellow. Now it has changed to almost a dark brown. I should like to bring it back to its former color. Have been

using salts of tartar. Please tell me how much peroxide of hydrogen to get and what it will cost me.

It depends altogether on the skill with which the peroxide is applied in your case. I should say if you used peroxide half a pint with water, not oftener than once a month, your hair will gradually take a higher tint. Of course you know that it will always come in the color it is now at the roots.

The hair should be shampooed at least once a week. Do not be induced to use ammonia with the peroxide unless you have read somewhere of a French pomade which actresses use to keep themselves in nice proportion. If there is such a thing where can it be found and what is its price?

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growth is sufficiently stimulated; then less often.

This ointment may be used for the eyelashes also. In this case it should be very carefully applied. It will inflame the eyes as any oil will, if it gets into them.

A Good Tooth Powder—Cuttle fish powder, four ounces; orris root powder, four ounces; precipitated chalk, eight ounces; oil of lemon, two drams; oil of nutmeg, fifteen drops.

Tea Sain for the Hair—One ounce of best black tea steeped for twenty minutes in a pint of boiling water. Let it stand until cold, strain and add four ounces of Jamaica rum.

Here is a formula for eyebrow grower and I add a black tea stain, also tooth powder.

Yes, soap is certainly required to keep the skin in good condition, but you should be very careful to select the right kind of soap and be sure to get one which contains no free alkali. Ask for a bland soap.

Eye-brow and Eyelash Grower—Red vaseline, two ounces; tincture of cantharides, one-eighth ounce; oil of lavender, oil of rosemary, fifteen drops each. Apply to the eyebrows with a tiny tooth brush once a day until the

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gentleman from Painted Post pass the brush and throw the gentleman from Nowhere Junction care for the pickles?" and "Did the gentleman from Sign-board Township enjoy the trip?" Even the grangers present began to squirm under the excessive formality of it all, so that there was a reward of plentiful, hearty laughter when the salesman, turning to the host, water, and with fine burlesque of what the French call the "grand manner":

"Will the gentleman from Ethiopia bring another cup of coffee?"

Three young men of Lancaster, Pa., undertook the other day to have some fun at the expense of an elderly man living in the suburbs of that town. He is a religious old fellow, with the highest regard for the Scriptures, which he can quote by the hour. As he passed the trio by one of them called: "Good-morning, Isaac!" the second, "Good-morning, Jacob!" the third, "Good-morning, Father Abraham!" He turned to them, and they grimacingly awaited what he might say. And what he said was this: "I am neither Isaac, nor Jacob, nor Father Abraham. I am Seth, the son of Saul, who hath sent me out to find his lost ass. Lo and behold! I have found three!"

A gentleman, visiting a Copley (Pa.) minister was asked to attend Sunday school at his host's church and address a few remarks to the children. He took the familiar theme of the children who mocked Elijah at his journey to Bethel—how the youngsters taunted the poor old prophet and how they were punished when two she bears came out of the wood and ate forty-and-two of them.

"And now, children," said the speaker, wishing to learn if his talk had produced any moral effect, "what does this story show?"

"Please, sir," came from a little girl well down in front, "it shows how many children two she bears can hold!"

SAME OLD STORY.

Now with hustle and commotion we are packing with the notion that we'll trip it to the ocean, for a summer on the beach.

And it rest and recreation we imagine, with elation, we will find recuperation and grow portly as a peach. But, alas for our ambition! We are brought to recognition of our marital position when we're ready for the room.

And our wife remarks: "Why, Cholly, what about Maude, me and Molly?" It's the same old tale, by golly; papa's got to stay at home!

—Baltimore American.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

These cartoon drawings show the style of hoes in vogue in Egypt in the days of Pharaoh. The "Max" with the hoe" was even worse off than than now.